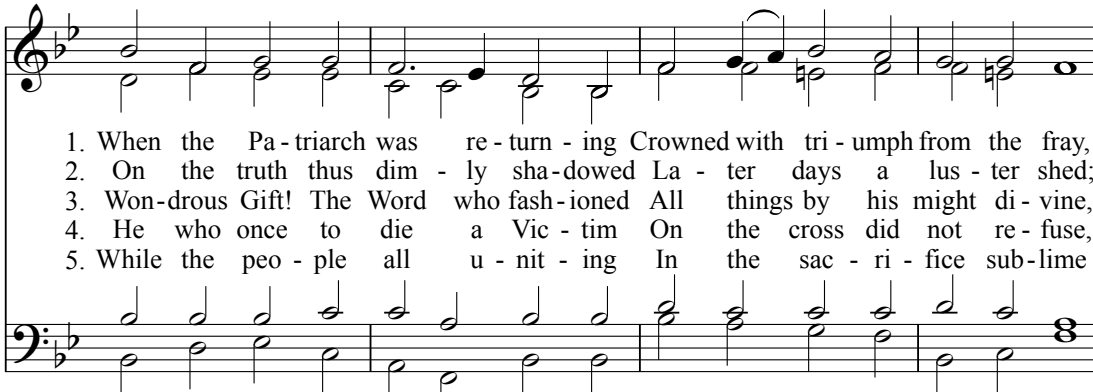
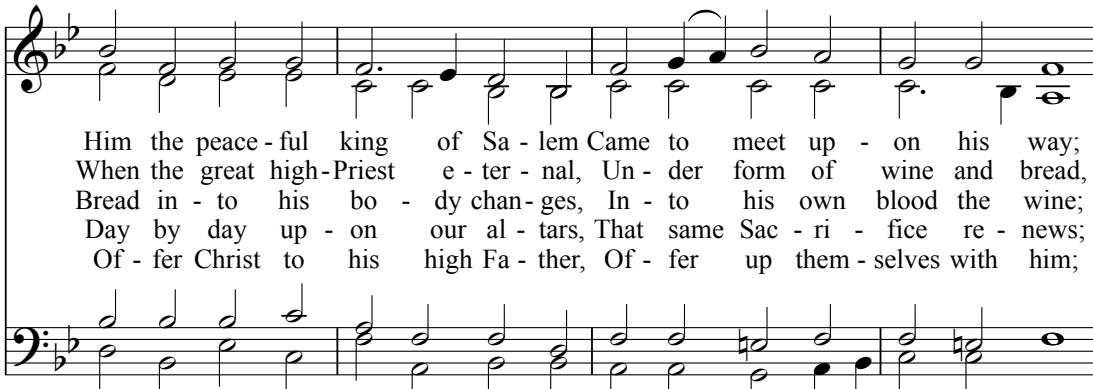


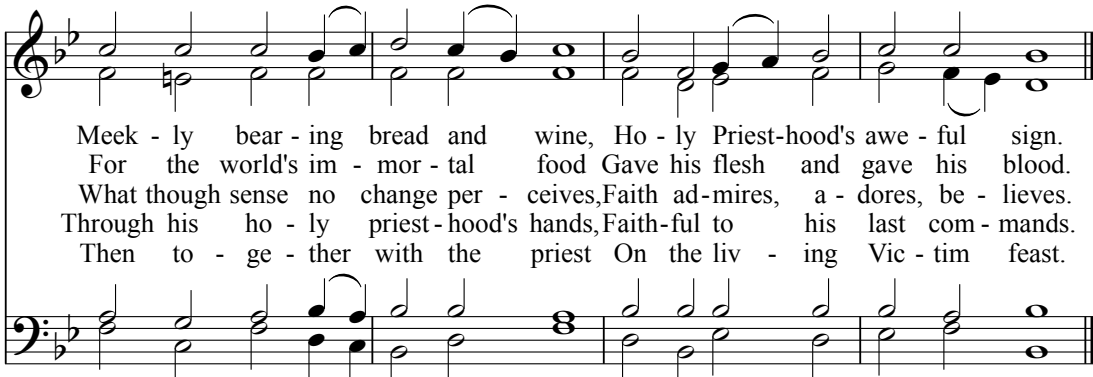
## When the Patriarch was Returning



1. When the Pa-triarch was re-turn-ing Crowned with tri-umph from the fray,  
 2. On the truth thus dim-ly sha-dowed La-ter days a lus-ter shed;  
 3. Won-drous Gift! The Word who fash-ioned All things by his might di-vine,  
 4. He who once to die a Vic-tim On the cross did not re-fuse,  
 5. While the peo-ple all u-nit-ing In the sac-ri-fice sub-lime



Him the peace-ful king of Sa-lem Came to meet up-on his way;  
 When the great high-Priest e-ter-nal, Un-der form of wine and bread,  
 Bread in-to his bo-dy chan-ges, In-to his own blood the wine;  
 Day by day up-on our al-tars, That same Sac-ri-fice re-news;  
 Of-fer Christ to his high Fa-ther, Of-fer up them-selves with him;



Meek-ly bear-ing bread and wine, Ho-ly Priest-hood's awe-ful sign.  
 For the world's im-mor-tal food Gave his flesh and gave his blood.  
 What though sense no change per-ceives, Faith ad-mires, a-dores, be-lieves.  
 Through his ho-ly priest-hood's hands, Faith-ful to his last com-mands.  
 Then to-ge-ther with the priest On the liv-ing Vic-tim feast.

Words: Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Music: *All Saints* 87.87.77 Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698